ABOUT THE PLAY-HOUSES.

WINSOME MR. BANGS CONTRASTED WITH WINNING MR. SULLIVAN.

Harrigan and Hart Inaugurate the Season—Haverly's Fourteenth Street Theatre to Open on Saturday.

Mr. John L. Sullivan, after all, is a good deal of a man.

Perhaps a little more of a man than there is any widespread demand for.

He came, punched his antagonists, pocketed the money and went quietly back to his "gin-mill" like a philosopher if not a hero. He executed his task expeditiously, cleanly and successfully.

If it is given to a man to punch, it is to his credit if it can be said that he has always punched with care, according to the adage.

I suppose that the magnificent men who make public exhibitions of themselves at other entertainments look upon Mr. John L. Sullivan as a brute.

What does the magnificent Mr. Osmond Tearle, for example, say of Sullivan? What is the opinion of the super-sensitive Mr. Frank Bangs of slugging-matches?

I think it is safe to say that they both look upon Mr. Sullivan and his rôles with the greatest contempt.

And the reason probably is that they are men of such fine fe-lings, with such delicate sensibilities and such a nice sense of the higher possibilities of human nature, that exhibitions of mere physical valor offend them.

Now, it is just possible that these two gentlemen represent in their exhibition a modern daintiness that is a hollow fraud, just as the other gentleman represents in an exhibition the physical courage of a past age, which is not without its accompanying virtues.

I have somewhere read of a race of savages who had developed their sensibilities to such an extent that they could not tolerate the sight of blood, and one of their philosophers explained to the European missionary the horror and disgust which they felt for our rude forms of criminal execution. They had improved very much on hanging and decapitation, and when they wished to punish an offender they stripped him naked, took him out into the desert and tied him to a stake in the withering sun, after placing food and water just out of his reach. Here he was left to roast and to starve slowly, while the black, poisonous ants consumed him.

This was considered a great and refined achievement.

Modern sensibility of the magnificent kind acts on this savage line. It abolishes violence but enhances cruelty.

If we had any means of accurately measuring the force and extent of cruelty as we measure its subtle energies, I think it would be found that the dove-eyed coquette, who is equally compounded of sensitiveness and heartlessness, inflicts more suffering than the brawny but magnanimous gladiator.

Your Tearle and your Bangs are fair representatives of a sentiment that will not look passively upon prize-fights. It shudders at smashed noses and closed eyes and gaping wounds.

But it is wholly oblivious to the elemental virtue there is in old-time contempt for physical suffering. One must perforce feel a sort of admiration for the victim who "comes up smiling" in spite of a smashed nose and a closed eye.

For is that endurance and defiance is a quality that advancing civilization is robbing us of.

No one can read back without being amazed at the fortitude with which our progenitors "took punishment." When they believed a thing fire could not burn it out of them. When they undertook a thing physical pain never daunted them.

In getting rid of physical violence, which was perhaps a good thing to do, have we not got rid of our capacity to endure it—which may be an unfortunate thing to do?

In refusing, according to the sentimental code, to smash noses and close eyes, may we not have fallen into worse habits—of smashing reputations and closing up careers?

Even in the moral world it has come to be an accepted doctrine that the hero in our day is not the man who defends Truth in armor, but the man who believes in her, in his closet, and that "wind" and "bottom" are best shown in not reading what your enemy says about you in print.

Mr. Frank Bangs, I do not believe would put any man's head in chancery and "fib" away his features with savage glee. He is essentially refined, sensitive, polished. His superb masculinity was never degraded to the level of physical violence. He is a living exponent of the poetry, the chivalry, the romance of that gentle and winsome thing we call the drama.

And he is gentle and winsome himself. He is, moreover, of our day and generation. I believe he is a great actor. His Marc Antony was a decorous combination of the Farnese Hercules and the Ganymede of Jove. When he delivered the oration it reminded you of a statue of granite with a music-box in its throat. He came upon the stage like the herald Mercury new-lit upon a heaven-kissing hill, and when he was not acting he blushed and fanned himself with a winsome grace that no bodice could withstand.

Women fell in swathes before his form. With the single exception of Walter Montgomery, whose limbs still walk in the memory of theatrical habitués, nobody that we have could "strip" to the work of Shakespeare with such cuticular and adipose advantage.

The suspicion among men that this magnificence was pulpy does not have any weight. Suppose it was? Hardness of muscle is of no special value in seeming. Marc Antony does not knock men out with his limbs, but his logic. It isn't science but sophistry that we admire in him.

And that is just the quality that will not work in Mr. John L. Sullivan's plays. He has got to be all that he appears to be. Even pretense of muscle must demonstrate itself. Every assumption of manliness, courage, endurance has got to be verified by facts. No such inexorable heartless application of strict elemental justice is anywhere else applied to man. There must not be a falsehood in a single sinew. If there is a lie in his blood or a weak spot in his breast his antagonist will find it out and five or ten thousand implacable judges will recognize it in a minute.

Don't you see there is a certain basis of honesty in this work?

This is what Oscar Wilde meant when he came back from California and reported that the finest picture of manliness he had seen in America was a brawny miner with a sledge driving a spike. He went about among the saloons and clubs inspecting the magnificent fellows who loan against pillars, with their thumbs in their waistcoats, and yawn—but he never again felt quite satisfied with them.

So it was with me. After I saw Sullivan polish off the Maori (by the way that word is properly pronounced Mow-ry), I somehow lost my faith in Bangs.

It seemed to me that my idol was made of ice-cream and had stood too long in a warm atmosphere.

A base and sickening admiration of the frank barbarism of the past crept over me as I compared it with the stall-fed muscularity of the present. A fearful doubt grew up in my soul of the solidity of the current Mark Antonys, and an apprehension seized me that some day the hairdresser would cut one of them and he would collapse with a squeak like a rubber balloon.

"I tried to shake off this agnosticism. I said to myself, this is rank heathenism: brace up, old fellow, and keep abreast of the times! After all, this is an age of parachutes, not of pyramids. The real thing is vulgar; what we want, even in muscles, is the ideal thing. It's the pulp of appearance, not the sinew of sincerity, that wins.

"Then I studied Marc Antony anew. I read his latest memoir, matrimonial and moral, furnished by himself. I saw the coy and blushing champion wooed and won by a brave and gallant woman, who fed his maiden fancies with checks and charms until she grew to be an angel of light. I saw that the Marc Antony of our time possessed not only masculine muscles but feminine finesse. He hung his head and dropped his eyelids. A sweet modesty about him as he accepted the woman's checks threw a maidenly halo over his stalwart legs and touched with virginal ingenuousness his taurine neck.

To woo and win agentle and retiring champion, to play upon his guileless and unsuspecting nature, to lead him away from his mother into the vexed and stormy path of matrimony, where he too soon, alas! wakes up to the hollowness of life and the awful drudgery of keeping an obligation, belong to the fine pathos of magnificent modern life, and especially to that magnificent part of it whose creed puts pads in the place of propriety and makes cotton take the place of conviction.

There is something acutely sad in Bangs's story. Robbed of his virginal bloom by a wealthy marrying woman, he is thrown back upon society when she had no further use for him. But how can she compensate him for the loss of that purity which is dearer than life? He stands at the Sturtevant and weeps in his magnificence and broken-hearted innocence like a deflowered Narcissus. Some of his old ingenuousness of soul remains and heaves his manly bosom as he tells of the $6,000 she forced upon him. A sweet, child-like and lambent faith plays over his Roman face that says he believes so much magnificence was worth at least $10,000. It is the modern sentiment tinctured always with the nice sense of money received.

I turn from the Marc Antony, posing there in his rôle of injured innocence, to my robust friend, John L. Sullivan, who has nothing but honest muscles and square animal prowess to offer, and who comes and punches with singleness of purpose, and goes away with a consciousness of having done his whole duty, and I no longer wonder that twenty thousand people crowd to look upon coarse, simple sincerity, and lift their twenty thousand voices to applaud that old-fashioned fleshy thing that is hard and wholesome and unsophisticated and terribly honest in doing what it has to do.

There is at least no doubt about his strength or his accomplishment; and after all I suppose it is a great luxury to the world to get some of the qualities of masculinity unadulterated, even if they are not the highest qualities.

NYM CRINKLE.

Amusement Notes.

Two immediate theatrical events challenge attention. One is the production of Oscar Wilde's play "Vera" at the Union Square Theatre on the 20th. The other is the presentation at the Twenty-third Street Theatre of Mr. Pratt's opera "Zenobia."

Mr. Oscar Wilde, who arrived here yesterday, has written an æsthetic letter to Miss Prescott, who is to produce his play, in which he speaks thus warmly of his own work:

It is with great pride and pleasure that I look forward to seeing you in the character of the heroine of my play—a character which I intrust to you with the most absolute confidence, for the first night I saw you act I recognized in you a great artist.

I do not only mean that there was strength and splendor in your acting, music and melody in your voice, and in every pose and gesture as you walked the stage the infinite grace of perfect expressiveness, but that behind all these things, which are merely the technique of acting, there lay the true artistic nature which alone can conceive a part, and the true artistic power which alone can create one.

As regards the play itself, I have tried in it to express within the limits of art that Titan cry of the peoples for liberty which, in the Europe of our day, is threatening thrones and making governments unstable from Spain to Russia, and from north to southern seas; but it is a play not of politics but of passion; it deals with no theories of government, but with men and women simply; and modern Nihilistic Russia, with all the terror of its tyranny and the marvel of its martyrdoms, is merely the fiery and fervent background in front of which the persons of my drama live and love.

With this feeling was the play written, and with this aim should the play be acted.

I have to thank you for the list of your company which you have sent me, and congratulate you, as well as myself, on the names of the many well-known and tried actors which I see it includes.

I am very much pleased to know that my directions as regards scenery and costume have been carried out; the yellow-satin council chamber is sure to be a most artistic scene, and as you have been unable to match in New York the vermilion silk of which I sent you a pattern, I hope you will allow me to bring you over a piece large enough for your dress in the last act.

I look forward with much interest to a second visit to America, and to having the privilege of presenting to the American people my first drama. There is, I think, no country in the world where there are such appreciative theatrical audiences as I saw in the United States.

I hope that by the time I arrive the play will be in good rehearsing order, and I remain, dear Miss Prescott, your sincere friend and admirer,

OSCAR WILDE.

Charles street, Grosvenor Square, London.

There is, of course, considerable interest felt in this drama, because the apostle of æstheticism has never been tested in the theatrical furnace, and because he is dealing with material that to most men seems to transcend the limits of æstheticism. If Oscar Wilde can treat the "Titan cry of the peoples" effectively, all one has to say is that he had better give up lecturing on dinner-plates and shaving-mugs.

"Vera" will have the following cast:

THE PALACE.

The Czar	George Boniface
Prime Minister	Ed. Lamb
Baron Raff	James Wright
Prince Petrovitch	William Wilson
Count Rowaloff	Henry Anderson
General Kotemkin	Hugh Fuller
Colonel of Guard	Ed. Lotto
Page	John Davis

Body Guard, Soldiers and Courtiers.

THE PEOPLE.

Peter Sabowroff (an innkeeper)	Julius Kahn
Dmitri (his son)	Lester Victor
Vera (his daughter)	Marie Prescott
Michael (a peasant)	B. W. Turner
Alexis (a medical student)	Lewis Morrison
Nicholas (a child)	Frankie Furlong
President of the Nihilists	J. R. Furlong
Professor Marfor	Lewis Mann

Conspirators, Nihilists and Peasants.

The scenery consists of: Act 1—Home of Vera; Interior of an inn on the steppes. Acts 2 and 4—The Den of the Nihilists. Act 3—Audience Chamber of the Czar. Act 5—Ante-Chamber of the Czar.

Mr. Pratt's venture is a much more serious experiment, seeing that it is in the domain of music—and serious music at that. The production of a native grand opera is an occurrence so unusual here as to challenge a good deal of attention, and it must be said with mortification that, although a great many grand operas have been written here, only two that we know of ever got so far as a public representation. Mr. Pratt may be the coming composer. One can only judge of him at present by his "score," as the base-ball players say. The rehearsals which are in progress at the Twenty-third Street Theatre exhibit a great deal of ambition and betoken unquestionable musical determination on his part. The story of Zenobia is one of the most dramatic that history furnishes, and the composer has treated it with strong pictorial power. The title rôle was originally written for Annie Louise Carey and was to have been sung by her when the opera was first tried in Chicago last March. But illness prevented her from appearing and the part was given to Miss Dora Henninge, who is to appear in it here. Mr. John Gilbert, the basso, who was to have taken a prominent part, has been superseded by Mr. Borneman. The reasons for this change have not been made public. Miss Rosalda Bucher and Miss Kitty Wallace are among the people engaged.

Professor W. D. Marks, of this city, has for the past month been rehearsing the grand chorus of Madrigal Boys who are to appear in the cathedral scene in the fourth act of "Francesca da Rimini" at the Star Theatre.

The main idea intended to be conveyed in the new American musical satire, "T I Q Settl at Last," which will have its first production on any stage at the Bijou Theatre, Boston, during the season of 1883-84, is a satire on the treatment of the North American Indian by his white brother in general, and by the representatives of the United States Government in particular. In this instance the cause of the Indian is directly espoused to give strength to the satire and sentiment to the story; yet, like a two-edged sword, the humor of the play is often effective either way. The Indian is idealized, presented like the Indian of poetry and romance. The Indian chieftain and his daughter are intended to be modern prototypes of Winnemucca and Pocahontas. They have purposely been made cultured in speech and manner to give point to the satire. These two form the picturesque, neutral-tinted background—subdued in gentle, pathetic humor—against which the other groups of eccentric and melodramatic burlesque characters stand forth more vivid in color. The minor travesties of the piece treat of the matrimonial and missionary craze among some women, together with a satire upon the earlier American border drama and its conventional types, and upon the United States Peace Commissioners. It is purely American in subject, characters and treatment, and is the first national musical piece throughout as yet offered in this country. The play is the work of Will F. Sage, for years Chicago correspondent of the *Clipper*, and at present a resident of Boston. Most of the ballads have been contributed by Phillips Hawley; while the music is by the well-known pianist and composer, Calixa Lavallée.

A cable despatch received from Mr. McCaull says that he has secured the services of Mr. Frederick Leslie for the coming season.

The George Edgar Shakespearian company left here for Chicago on Friday evening via the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad in two palace cars. They were accompanied to the depot by a large crowd of friends, who saw them off. The party consisted of Mr. George Edgar, Miss Sara Jewett, Miss Ada Ward, Miss Henrietta Vaders, Eva Garrick, Eben Plympton and twenty-five others. There were two car-loads of baggage. The company opens in Chicago to-morrow night.

Miss Jennie Yeamans's combination will consist of Misses Lillian Billings, Lizzie Du Roy, Emily Yeamans, Mr. Frank Mayo, jr., Geo. S. Poulett, William B. Arnold, J. R. Keene and E. E. Allen; J. M. Hickey, manager; A. Appleton, treasurer and business manager. The season begins September 9 at the Grand Opera-House, St. Louis, in E. A. Locke's American play "Meda."

Miss Emma Elsner, of the Hess Opera Company, will make her debut on the German stage August 3 and 4, at the Schlitz Park Summer Theatre.

The Chicago Ideal Opera Company have just closed a series of five very successful performances at the Schlitz Park Summer Theatre.

Frederick Warde, the tragedian, will inaugurate a new opera-house in Detroit, Mich., with a seating capacity of 2,780, on Monday evening, August 27, by a series of tragic impersonations, including Virginius, Richard III., Richelieu and the first Brutus.

W. J. Ferguson's combination will open their season at Ford's Opera-House, Baltimore, August 27; thence to the Twenty-third Street Theatre September 3, where all the "dudes" will have a chance to "get points" from Mr. Ferguson's great creation, Sir Chauncy Trip.

"The Merry Duchess," with which the Standard Theatre will be opened September 3, contains a race scene, which is so cleverly constructed, musically by Clay and dramatically by Sims, that it has to be repeated five and six times nightly at the Royalty Theatre, London. The Standard Theatre itself is undergoing such marked changes that it will present an entirely new appearance on the opening night.

Mr. Lawrence Barrett will arrive from Europe on Wednesday next and the rehearsals of "Francesca da Rimini" will begin immediately. The new scenery is nearly completed and the piece will positively be given on August 27. The sale of seats for the first nights will begin at the Star Theatre on Monday, August 20.

Celia Logan's play, "An American Marriage," which was produced at the Sans Souci Garden, Newport, on Monday last, is a work of considerable literary ability, although the plot is said to be furnished by an old play. The theme is certainly familiar. Mr. De Belleville, who appeared in the cast, was an excellent simulation of reality. He deserts his wife with an earnestness and familiarity with the subject that betrayed the true artist.

The first performance of the mimical and dramatic ballet production, "Excelsior," will take place on Monday, August 20, at Niblo's Garden. The company, composed of artists from the leading theatres in Europe, comprises the following members: Mlle. Gunda, from the Eden in Paris; Frl. Hofschueler, from the Imperial in Vienna; Signoras Milon and Brambilla; Signor Ettore Coppini, producer of the ballet; Signors Conti, Brighenti, Saracco, &c., including the corps de ballet from the Eden Theatre in Paris, corps de ballet from the Scala Theatre in Milan, corps de ballet from the Fenice Theatre in Venice; also 100 secundar dancers and forty-eight male dancers, making up a company of 400 people. Nine hundred and eighty-seven costumes are to be used in "Excelsior." "Excelsior" is running in Paris at the Eden Theatre over 250 consecutive nights.

Haverly's Fourteenth Street Theatre after extensive alterations and redecoration reopens on Saturday evening next, the 18th, with the production of a spectacular extravaganza called "The Devil's Auction," which, it is promised, will be produced in Oriental magnificence. Harley Merry and his assistants have painted entirely new scenery and Messrs. Godchaux and Bitch, of Paris, have invented what is called "a marvellous mechanical transformation apotheosis." The ballet is to be a feature of the piece. The management have imported a grand corps of twenty-five young English danseuses, and a company of nearly fifty coryphées headed by Mme. Adele Cornalba as première assoluta, and Mmes. Astegano and Eloise, premières from the Italian opera-houses. Moffi and Bartholomew, Miss Kate Girard, the Lorrillas, Martinetti and the Japanese wrestlers will also appear, and the entire production will enlist the services of upwards of 150 persons. During the season Manager Colville promises to present in rapid succession comedy, burlesque, comic opera and extravaganza.

Duff's Standard Opera Company, which begins a preliminary season at Daly's Theatre about August 23, will present Lecocq's opera comique "Heart and Hand," with most of the original cast, including Miss Marie Couron, Rose Cook, George Sweet, J. H. Ryley and Miss Louise Paullin, who has joined Mr. Duff's forces to impersonate the character of Josepha. A Hungarian ballet, superb costumes, new scenery by Roberts, &c., all are to be revealed.

The Theatre Comique is presenting "The Mulligan Guard Ball" with all its old characters and all of its old success.

"The Rajah," at the Madison Square Theatre, is unexpectedly prosperous. Mr. H. M. Pitt has taken George Clarke's place as Wyncot, and offers an old rôle in new pigments.

A monster concert will be given on October 1 and 2, at the Academy of Music, by the Celtic Musical Union. Several artists will appear, assisted by a host of local talent.

Miss Emma Thursby, the celebrated cantatrice, has decided to remain in America next season. She refused positively to sing in opera in Europe. Her manager, Mr. Maurice Strakosch, is expected to return by the 1st of September.

THE COURT GETS INTO TROUBLE.

Two Justices of New Lots Accused of Serious Offenses.

The Bar Association of New Lots, L. I., is busy attempting to oust some of the local justices from their positions. The association claims that it has the names of five persons who were reported by Justice Snerlock as having been arrested and for which arrests he is alleged to have collected fees from the town while in reality the persons were never in custody.

Justice Schieltien is also accused by the association of making money in this manner. Justice Sherlock said in regard to the matter yesterday that his every act while on the bench had been characterized by honesty and economy. Mr. Wilson Watson, the leader of the movement, he says, is somewhat incensed against him because on two different occasions he defeated him while running for the office of Justice. This Justice said that he was perfectly willing to have his acts investigated.

The other Justice said that he was not at all worried over the affair; that his accounts were open for examination. This Justice said that Watson was incensed against him because he had issued a warrant for his arrest on a certain occasion when, it is said, he was interested in an alleged prize fight.

LIKE OLD FRACTIONAL CURRENCY.

The New Postal Notes Ready to go on Their Travels.

The new postal notes which were authorized by Congress will be used for the first time by the public on September 3.

The notes are printed on pure linen bank-note paper, chemically prepared in such manner as not to be effected by the action of acids and other reagents used for removing inks.

The amount for which the notes are issued is punched out in dollars, dimes and cents similar to a railroad ticket. The paper is a lemon tint, and on the face is printed, over the entire surface, an underlying tint in golden brown ink.

In size the notes are about the same as the United States notes, but similar in character to the old fractional currency. The paper is watermarked, and each note contains a complete design of a ribbon formed in shape of a figure 8. No note contains the design intact, however, as it is so arranged that parts only of each design will appear on a single note, and by this means the exact position on the sheet of paper can be determined if necessary.

Three printings are required to complete the note. The body of the note is covered with miniature pantographic designs containing the words, "United States postal note, U. S. P. N.," repeated many times and so small that at first it would not be noticed, but each letter is perfect. The upper part of the underlying tint under the words "postal note" is composed of winged wheels, with a halo running in all directions.

The engraving and printing was done by the Homer Lee Bank Note Company, who had employed over 300 skilled artisans day and night in making the notes required.

The system will no doubt make a revolution in the transmission of funds throughout the United States and make great inroads on the money-orders now in use; over 50 per cent. of which are now for sums less than $5. The notes will prove a great convenience to business firms, as it does away with the trouble of procuring a money-order, is made cheaper and furnishes an easy method of mailing any sum less than $5.

The notes have the advantages of bank checks, and the paper being thin the presence of money cannot be detected as is the case with silver, bank-bills or postage-stamps.

The notes will fill the space vacated by the discontinuance of the fractional currency, as these notes may be passed over the counters at their face value for three months from the last day of the month of issue.

The Bank Note Company is now engaged in manufacturing an additional supply of several million notes to supply future orders.

The notes are received by Mr. Frank Raymond, United States Postal Note Agent, and Mr. A. G. Lathrop, of the Post-Office Money Order Department, who have their offices in the works of the Bank Note Company on Broadway at the corner of Prince street. The premises are fire-proof. It requires a vault fifteen feet square to hold the notes required for the first issue.

Mrs. Gloucester Buried in Greenwood.

Mrs. Elizabeth A. Gloucester, the wealthy colored woman, was buried yesterday from her late residence, the Remsen House, Brooklyn. The streets near the hotel were crowded with colored and white people. The Rev. A. N. Freeman, of the Siloam Presbyterian Church on Prince street, Brooklyn, and the Rev. Mr. Dyson, of the Zion Methodist Episcopal Church on Bleecker street, this city, officiated at the funeral. Bishop Brown, of Washington, delivered the funeral sermon and paid an eloquent tribute to the dead woman. The casket was of chestnut and surrounded with floral offerings from many friends of the dead. The remains were interred in Greenwood Cemetery.

Rheumatism, lumbago, stiff joints, and all aches and pains. The remedy, Dr. Benson's Skin Cure. $1. Druggists.

FASHION'S MANY CHANGES.

THE LATEST STYLES FOR DECORATING HOMES.

The Open Fireplace and Antique Furniture Supplemented by Ornamental Ferns and Bric-a-Brac.

Attractions nowadays for the house are most valued when they bear traces of age; hence, veritable antiques are in demand by the rich, while people of modest means patronize more or less the copies of old styles, shops dealing in antiques and curios, as well as the better classes of second-hand stores, are besieged for treasures collected from all quarters in way of tapestries, Dutch clocks, old English and Spanish carved mantels, china that has survived a century or so of wear and bric-à-brac rich in historic associations.

Chairs, settees, book-cases and tables which once graced the rooms of America's first homes are pulled out of garrets and sent to decorators and furnishers for touching up, after which they occupy favored places in our modern houses. Old clocks are specially prized, and when a tall one, with great weights hanging on either side, is obtained, the owner is congratulated by everybody for his possession.

While genuine antique furniture costs a large sum of money, exceedingly graceful and desirable patterns are furnished which afford admirable copies of English and other styles, dating back one, two and sometimes more centuries ago, at very reasonable figures.

Most of the modern furniture for dining-rooms reproduces antique designs. This is especially true of chairs and sideboards. The former often show the swell or rounding front. Among novelties are sideboards with panels of illuminated leather. Quite new in style are sideboards having two cupboards beneath and a series of small shelves rising above, terminating in a picturesque railing.

Dining chairs with antique backs—often more curious than comfortable—are fashionably upholstered in embossed and illuminated leathers, with a border of big-headed brass nails. Newer than the chairs just described are those with coverings of heavy antique tapestry.

Oak is still a popular wood for dining-room and library furniture, especially when English designs prevail. Mahogany is also employed. A very popular wood in furniture is cherry. This is made up with mahogany finish and brass trimmings. Mahogany is in large demand for furniture, and among what are termed fancy woods are cocobola, amaranth, real ebony and Chinese teak-wood. For country houses, summer resorts and cheaper grades of furniture ash figures conspicuously, and hazel-wood is also employed.

PARLORS AND RECEPTION-ROOMS.

Parlor or reception-room suits are often made up of several pieces, each differing from the other in design, wood and covering. As a rule, in fine furniture, straight lines and plain effects, after the Eastlake models, prevail, with surface carving. Old English styles furnish models for much of the modern furniture, in which appears the swell front, brass mouldings, elaborate carving and claw-feet. Hall furniture consists of chairs with antique framework and a mirror and hat-rack combined, under which is placed a heavy wood settee, remarkable for its elaborate carving. Novelties in hat-racks are Japanese fans bristling with brass pins, and designed to hang on the wall. Handsome hall chairs are those with oak framework, studded with brass ornaments, and having a seat and back of alligator skin or embossed leather. There are also hall chairs with rosewood frames inlaid with brass and covered with morocco.

For bedrooms fashionable suits are of mahogany, finished either with brass trimmings or surface carvings. Attractive suits are also made of cherry with mahogany finish. Canopied beds have almost entirely given place to the low open ones introduced by the French.

The landscape style of mirror is the one now employed for bureaus. A favorite style of bureau is made after the fashion of a dressing-table, with wide, low top, swinging glass and brass sconces on either side. The washstand to the modern bedroom suit is also new in construction and includes a commode in addition to the usual drawers.

Cabinets are exceedingly popular and a house is no longer considered complete without one or more of this grade of furniture. The fact that a cabinet is a convenient receptacle and capable of any amount of ornamentation guarantees its continued popularity. Cabinets are manufactured in a great variety of style, both as regards material and design. Cocobola is a fashionable wood for cabinets; so are amaranth, mahogany and rosewood. A novelty in hanging cabinets is plush-covered and consists of irregularly disposed shelves.

The houses into which the furniture described goes, as a rule, are finished in hard wood. Mahogany, oak and cherry are favorite woods for interior work.

THE OPEN FIREPLACE RAGE.

In many fine houses open fireplaces take the place of stoves and heaters. The fire fronts, with andirons and fenders, are made of a number of materials, such as brass, nickel, steel, &c., with an immense amount of decorative work.

The gas fittings are another attractive feature, with their artistic ornamentation. A popular style consists of light delicate workmanship, with ornamentations of crystals and touches of colored glass. Branch brackets are made in the same light style, and the shades are engraved in beautiful designs.

The mantels in a modern house are important features, combining, as they not unfrequently do, the mantel-shelf with a mirror and cabinet above. Brass mantels are very elaborate when made of hammered brass, with oxidized silver pillars and medallions. Carved oak mantels are another handsome and fashionable kind.

India carpets and India rugs are always in demand. Rugs especially are desired and most fine houses contain a collection representing several styles and ages. The most costly of Oriental rugs are the Agra rugs. The Aubusson rugs rank second, then follow the popular Mirzapore and Toadjes and finally the regular Smyrna rugs.

A rug that finds its way into the homes of the greatest number of people, because of its modest cost, is the American Smyrna rug. This, as the name indicates, is an imitation of the original Smyrna, and of American manufacture. These rugs, it must be said, are attractive in color and design, and wear well. Other popular rugs are the ingrain ones, some of which are fairly clever imitations of the Kensington art carpets.

A popular medium fine carpet to-day is the Moquette. The Wilton carpets represent a somewhat choicer grade. Body Brussels and tapestries of excellent quality are still in the market, but there are also many inferior grades at such low prices as to warn would-be purchasers of the fact that their enduring qualities are none of the best.

For furniture coverings, draperies and portieres are supplied a great variety of materials. Parlor suits are upholstered with silk velour and silk plush. Then there are heavy thread tapestries and Florentine and Arab stuffs with medallion figures; nor should be forgotten the French Wilton chair and sofa covers after the original Turkish saddle-bags, at a comparatively small cost. An attractive style of upholstery shows a centre of velour in a framework of plush.

A Gallant Agent in Trouble.

Alfred Liebenstein, ex-advertising agent of the *Judge* Publishing Company, who was discharged in Special Sessions on Friday on a charge of securing by false representations $10 from Oliver Dorlon, was arrested on a warrant on Friday night. Alexander Liffers, cashier of the Belm Leather Belting Company, at No. 388 Pearl street, complained that Liebenstein had secured $10 from him in the same manner as he obtained the money from Dorlon.

In Jefferson Market yesterday he was held for trial in General Sessions.

When arrested on Friday night Liebenstein was strolling through West Fourteenth street with a well-dressed young woman, whom he left at the Maison Doree. This is supposed to be the same young woman to whom Liebenstein addressed the following note from the Jefferson Market Prison yesterday:

"BABY: Send me down a clean shirt, cuffs, collar, few cigarettes and a candle, &c. Yours with love and kisses, ALFRED."

Baby promptly responded.

Sour Grapes, Perhaps.

Secretary Colné, of the Panama Interoceanic Canal Company, has received a letter from E. J. Brulatour, Secretary of the American Legation in Paris, asking him to publicly deny the published report that he was going to marry the daughter of Mr. John W. Mackay.

Death in a Beer Vat.

William Hughes, twenty-seven years old, of No. 448 West Thirty-third street, while at work yesterday in a brewery at No. 518 West Thirty-third street, fell into a beer vat and was suffocated. His body was taken out and all efforts to resuscitate him were vain.

Peaches Plenty and Cheap.

The first large shipment of peaches arrived in the city yesterday. The total receipts were fifty-seven car-loads, amounting to about 80,000 baskets. "Early Troths" filled the majority of the baskets. The fruit sold at from 50 to 75 cents a basket.

Another Fast Passage.

The White Star steamer Britannic arrived yesterday, having completed the passage in 7 days 13 hours and 39 minutes from Queenstown to Sandy Hook, and averaging about 360 miles per day. The vessel has done a trifle better.

OUT OF THE SWIM.

"When you press this curved bit of steel, you see, Mrs. Clyde," said Mr. Clyde, who was teaching his wife how to use a pistol, "the hammer comes down so"—

There was a bang, a puff of smoke and Mr. Clyde reeled and fell to the floor, with blood gushing from an ugly wound in his side.

For a moment Mrs. Clyde was undecided whether to faint or fly for help, but the moans of her wounded husband soon aroused her and she despatched a servant for a surgeon.

"He didn't know it was loaded," she explained when the surgeon arrived, and then she became hysterical and cried: "Oh, will he die, doctor? Will he die? James must not die—no, no, no! James must not die. I was going to the Catskills with the children and he was learning me how to protect them and myself when the horrid thing went off. Oh, doctor! doctor! doctor! will he die?"

By this time the surgeon had examined the wound and the expression of his face as he looked up gave her no hope.

"It is an ugly wound," he said, without committing himself further.

At this an awful expression crept over her face, and she moaned and cried pitifully.

"Will he be able to speak to me before he dies?" she cried.

"I think not, Mrs. Clyde."

"Oh! he must! he must! he must!"

"Be calm, Mrs. Clyde. We will do all that we can to revive him."

"You must revive him," she cried, "if only for a minute. We will have to take up this carpet before the funeral, and I want him to tell me where he hid the tack-hammer."

McGovern owned a cat; also a dog.

They were very friendly with each other. So much so that the cat would sleep out in the back yard and let the dog have the house all to himself. Whenever their mutual food was put into a dish the cat would never touch it—if the dog was there too.

Last week the cat went away. The children cried for another cat and McGovern bought them a brand-new one. The first night it slept in the cellar with the dog it didn't wake up in the morning and had to be planted out under the grape arbor.

McGovern got mad. He determined to have a little Wimbledon out in the back-yard. Mikey and Patsey and James and Mary Ann were given seats on the grand stand, and Mrs. McGovern viewed the festivities from the window. McGovern told the children to come off the grand stand (the cellar door) and get on the fence. Then Mrs. McGovern came down with the baby and crawled under the stoop, while McGovern was loading the musket and tying the dog to a clothes-pole.

Then he took aim and pulled the trigger. The gun went off just as McGovern trod on a banana peel. So did Mikey and Patsey and James and Mary Ann—off the fence. Mrs. McGovern went off into hysterics. McGovern went off his feet and backed through the kitchen window.

Yesterday McGovern waylaid a man into the idea that he didn't care for dogs, and as the man took it away the family looked at him from the roof.

"Little children should never get angry!" said Grandpa Binks to the little second-story Binks. "Little children should always think twice before saying naughty words!"

There was a bad boy in the Binks household and he had found an old razor that looked like a saw. He put it in grandpa's box.

Grandpa was going out that afternoon and he had to shave.

He got the lather all nice and ready, put a towel under his chin and pulled the razor from the box.

"Remember what I told you this morning!" he said as the children in answer to a wink from the bad boy began to quarrel; "always think twice before you, —— ——!!——!——!——!& ——&——!!——!!&——!——!&!——!!!&——."

And then, as Grandpa Binks looked at the bad boy, he took another look at the razor and remarked that he guessed he'd go out and see if it looked like rain.

It was raining. A fat man—not a commonplace, one-horse fat man, but a fully developed, 300 pounds avoirdupois, tymphatic specimen—boarded a cross-town car in Fourth street, Williamsburg. He was boosted aboard by three small boys, who were hitching a ride behind, and the car started. The only other passenger stood on the platform smoking. The heavy gentleman, after paying his fare, seated himself with much difficulty and profuse perspiration. The car rolled along a block and a woman carrying a baby got on. She passed her 5 cents to the fat man, who, after three unsuccessful attempts, put it in the box. At the corner of North Second street an old lady entered the car and passed her fare to the fat man. He got up by bracing himself against the side of the vehicle, dropped the nickel in the box and sat down again. In going from North Second street to Broadway four women entered the car at different streets, and each in turn handed her fare to the corpulent gentleman. He managed to get the several fares safely in the box, but it proved disastrous to his comfort and he pulled the bell. As he squeezed through the narrow door mopping his forehead with an enormous spread of handkerchief he remarked to the man on the platform: "I'm only going as far as the City Hall, but if my trip extended to kingdom come I'd leave the car rather than work my passage."

Jupiter, two hours high, was the herald of the day.

The Pleiades just above the horizon shed their sweet influence in the east.

Lyra sparkled near the zenith.

Andromeda veiled her glories from the naked eye in the south.

The steady pointers, far beneath the Pole, looked meekly up from the Arctic depths to their sovereign, the North Star.

And as the astronomical editor drew off his boots and climbed up the back-stairs on all fours, he wondered if his wife had the boot-jack under her pillow to hurl at his head as he stumbled into the room.

He was always considered well up in the religious business, and for years he had been the "religious editor" of the paper.

Being short of men the managing editor sent him to Coney Island a couple of nights last week to write the place up.

He returned all right after the first trip and wrote a glowing account of the many schemes to trap the unwary. Such a report had never been seen in the columns of any daily.

He tried again with the same result.

Last Friday night he made another trip. He returned after the paper had gone to press.

"Where have you been?" asked the manager.

"Bee all ri'! Been downer Corey Islar! Harrer bully ti'! Garrer pocket fuller cigars an' 'm so full tha' my hat's afloat! All hands come owrer taker drink! Whoop!" and he took off his hat, swung it in the air and sat down in the waste basket.

Truly, Coney Island is not the place for a religious man, and to-day he will start in on the Old Testament again.

A Carefully Prepared Scheme.

Detective Barlow saw a young man on the corner of One Hundred and Eighth street and Third avenue yesterday afternoon wrapping a piece of paper around a cigar box in which he had placed a stone and a handful of grass. He then called at the house No. 176 East One Hundred and Ninth street, where Mrs. Walter B. Griffiths resides. The young man handed her the package, saying: "There is 40 cents due for messenger service." Mrs. Griffiths was about to pay the money when Detective Barlow appeared and arrested the man. At the Harlem Court he gave his name as Frank King, of Chicago. The examination was postponed until to-morrow.

Those Charity Frauds.

Mr. J. R. Lowell, Secretary of the New York Medical Aid and Relief Society, yesterday denied the story told by Mrs. Josephine Shaw Lowell of the condition of affairs in the society, and said that the Commissioners of the State Board of Charities had been appointed to investigate the condition of his organization.

DRIVEN FROM HOME.

A Father Tries to Have His Thirteen-Year-Old Daughter Imprisoned.

Jacob Donig, a German, appeared before Justice Eichl in Brooklyn yesterday as complainant against his daughter Margaret, thirteen years old. The girl's eyes were red with tears as she had been in a cell all night. The father said she was wayward and disobedient and that she remained out at night with dissolute companions. The father spoke bitterly and said he would never take her back to his house.

The girl burst into tears as the Justice asked her why she did not mind her father and she said:

"I do always. Sunday night I begged him for a penny to go across the bridge, and after a long while he gave it to me. On Sunday he wanted me to go work in the evening, and I went out in the yard for awhile and then went up on the roof and fell asleep. It was dark when I awoke and came down the ladder and found I was locked out. I slept that night on the roof, and in the morning my mother drove me from the house and I went to a relative's."

The Court then ordered the father to take the girl home. He refused to do so at first, but the Justice insisted, and finally the two went away.

"NOT A WORD TO SAY."

The Hon. John C. New Refuses to Talk About Dorsey.

A short, thick-set man, wearing a white straw hat and genial smile, stood at the door of the Gilsey House yesterday afternoon. It was Hon. John C. New, of Indiana. A WORLD reporter approached and introduced himself.

"Mr. New," said the reporter, "the public would be interested to read anything you have to say about the recent utterances of Senator Dorsey."

Mr. New drew a long sigh and plaintively blew his nose. Then he shook his forefinger impressively at the reporter and answered bitterly:

"I haven't a damned word to say. Tell 'em that."

Mr. Will E. English, a son of the Hon. W. H. English, is staying at the Leland House. He said:

"I think that Dorsey has notoriety enough without my adding to it. The Republicans spent money freely in our State in 1880. Dorsey was there in full force, and I think that Stephenson was on hand also. Of the inside history of the Republican campaign I know nothing. There is no excitement in Indiana just now. We will not have another election until the next Presidential contest. How the State will go then it is impossible to say, for the great parties are about evenly divided. The Democrats were never in better shape than now. My father has retired from active work in public affairs, although he watches them with interest.

"If the next Democratic candidate is to be from Indiana, Hendricks and McDonald are the men most acceptable to the people. I do not think Hendricks cares for the nomination, and should McDonald be chosen he would receive universal support among the Democrats. Holman is well thought of, but in Indiana he is not much talked about for the Presidency."

A SPIRIT FORM.

Mrs. Hallett Sees Her Dead Husband and is Terrified.

Mrs. John Hallett, who resides at the corner of Leonard street and Meserole avenue, Greenpoint, is very much exercised over a visit from the spirit form of her dead son. The lady is the wife of a night watchman and lives with her husband and daughter on the second floor. The story of her strange vision can be best told as repeated by the lady to a reporter of THE WORLD yesterday:

"I am not at all superstitious and have always scouted at anything bordering upon the unnatural, but my experience of yesterday is something that I cannot account for. My oldest son died when but twenty-four years of age. He was a ship-joiner by trade and had long been a member of the Baptist Church at Long Island City. For seven months he suffered with a lung difficulty which finally carried him to his grave. Charley had always lived with us, although he was married and had one little girl. His last wish was that I should look after his little daughter, educate her and bring her up as my own child. That I promised to do. For several months she remained in my care. The child's mother was obliged to work for her living, and when after a few months she wished to have the child live with her we gave it up with no little objection. The mother placed the infant in the keeping of a lady, who treated it very harshly. Finally the little girl was placed in the nursery on Dean street, where it has since sickened. Yesterday morning I was seated in my kitchen and waiting patiently for the return of my daughter, who had gone to see how the little one was getting along. I was startled by a knock shortly after and turning around saw my son as plainly as ever in life. He moved towards me and when by my side his breath came upon my face with the warmth of a living person. As I looked up he took my hand and with the happiest expression I have ever seen on any face vanished. I called my daughter and told her what had happened, but she could not believe it. If it was a dream I pray God that all my dreams will give me the pleasure that my son's look did. I know that he is happy."

The lady began to weep and concluded her story by saying that she had just received word that her little grandchild was dying.

AN EXPLANATION WANTED.

Mayor Edson's Demand Upon the Commissioners of Excise.

Mayor Edson, in writing a letter to President Houghton, of the Board of Excise, in regard to the management of that department, says:

"Soon after the appointment of the present Commissioners of Excise I was requested by them to cause an examination of the accounts of that department to be made by the Commissioners of Accounts. On May 19, 1883, I directed such examination to be made, and on the 8th inst. I received the report of the Commissioners of Accounts relative thereto, a copy of which I inclose herewith. I would especially call your attention to the following points contained in the report, which would seem to require explanation:

First—The total number of licenses of all grades granted by the Board of Excise during the fiscal year ending April 30, 1883, is stated to be 8,813, of which 3,279 are for ale and beer only. The Commissioners suggest that the proportion of ale and beer licenses is large and call attention to the comparison made by the Society for the Prevention of Crime as between the United States Internal Revenue record for the year ending November 1, 1882, which is stated as follows: United States Internal Revenue liquor dealers, 8,887; Excise Board retail liquor dealers, 6,534; being a difference of 1,723; United States ale and beer licenses, 860; Excise Board ale and beer licenses, 3,279; differences, 2,664. These figures would seem to indicate as stated by the Commissioners that "under cover of an ale and beer license distilled liquor, which should pay a higher rate of license, should be sold," and the law thus violated to a very great extent.

Second—It seems to me that the suggestion of the Commissioners relative to the method of keeping a book to contain alphabetical lists of the sureties is a good one, and I have no doubt that you will agree with me and that the suggestion will be carried out.

Third—It is stated by the Commissioners of Accounts that it appears to be the practice of the Excise Commissioners to date licenses from the day on which the board issues the certificate of license, instead of dating them from the day on which they are granted by the board, and that for the time intervening between the granting of the license and the time when the certificate is taken out and paid for the party to whom the license is granted carries on his business in violation of law, and that the city loses largely thereby.

"I am aware that these criticisms apply to the Board of Excise previous to the appointment and organization of the present board; at the same time, they seem to me timely and suggestive of the importance of critical examination and revision of the methods of conducting the affairs of the department, in order that the most effective means may be adopted to insure a proper observance of the law."

The Schoolmaster Abroad.

Yesterday Mayor Edson received the following letter from S. M. Hersey, of Cove Creek, Newton County, Ark.:

"Is there any Boddy By the name of Tyler in the Citty, if So in forme them that thare has been a young man Murdered at this place from New York. his people live in New York Citty and are boatsmen some of them I remember the name of and of them this name is W. P. Tyler out do Not no there address. We are ancious to find out where his people are. If you can give me any information I would be glad to Reare it. Soon if those people ar in your Citty are about it please Send me there address, otherwise hand them this letter and I will give them the correct Statment of the Bloody Deed if they will write me. I saw a letter he (Jim. Tyler) had from his mother in March but dont remember the address & for information address me."

How They Settled a Political Dispute.

John O'Brien and Patrick McDermott, after arguing for some time upon political subjects, last Friday evening in Brooklyn, decided to settle the matter by a fight. McDermott first struck O'Brien, and he promptly responded by hitting McDermott in the face and breaking his nose. O'Brien was then arrested, and yesterday morning was before Justice Walsh, who adjourned the case for a further hearing.

DR. BENSON'S CELERY AND CHAMOMILE PILLS cure neuralgia. G. W. Benson, Upper Falls, Md. 50c.

OSCAR WILDE RETURNS.

IN COMMONPLACE CLOTHING AND SHORN OF HIS GLORIOUS LOCKS.

He Will Superintend the Production of His New Play and Will Not Lecture.

In the café of the Hotel Brunswick yesterday afternoon a tall, athletic young man sat smoking cigarettes and gazing dreamily out upon Fifth avenue. He wore a new, shiny, black high hat and a short black coat. A white vest enveloped the stout body and a pair of very light cassimere trousers fitted closely to well-formed legs. A light, olive-green scarf nearly hid the immaculate shirt-front. Unæsthetic as this garb was, its wearer was none other than the very standard-bearer of æstheticism—Mr. Oscar Wilde. The hat was bad and the trousers worse, but the saddest thing of all was the absence of the long, cowboy locks which of yore fell about Mr. Wilde's broad shoulders. They have gone, but a square bang still droops dreamily across the dome-like forehead. Few who entered the hotel recognized the eminent guest.

When a WORLD reporter called upon him Mr. Wilde led the way to a leather-covered settee near the office door. Then he lighted another cigarette and began talking in a quiet manner, entirely free from affectation. He is much tanned and looks more like a robust farmer than a poet.

"I arrived this morning in the Britannic, of the White Star line, after a charming passage," he said. "My only errand here is to superintend the production of my play, 'Vera,' which will be brought out at the Union Square Theatre Monday week. I don't think I shall stay here more than three months."

"Please tell me something about your play?"

Mr. Wilde blew a little cloud of smoke into the air and watched it silently until it disappeared. Then he continued:

HIS FIRST DRAMA.

"'Vera' is a prose play in five acts, which I wrote seven years ago. It was not produced in England because its political sentiments would not have found favor there. Heretofore the passion portrayed in the drama has been altogether personal, like the love of a man for a woman, or a woman for a man. I have tried to show the passion for liberty. For this purpose I have chosen the most extreme expression of liberty, the Nihilism of Russia, which is akin to the anarchism of old France. All art takes an aristocratic view of life, for civilization belongs to the higher class. I want to show how far the aspirations of an uncultivated people can be made a subject for art. Life under a good government is rarely dramatic; life under a bad government is always so."

Here the clatter of vehicles interrupted the speaker for a moment. He went on in a clear, deliberate voice, pausing long between the sentences, like one dictating to an amanuensis:

"I have gone to Greek and Gothic life for subjects for most of my poems, but my drama is from modern life. The incidents are purely imaginary, with modern Russia as the realistic background. When I saw Miss Marie Prescott playing Emilia to Salvini's Othello, I felt that she was the artist I wanted to create the heroine of my play. Most of the arts, poetry in particular, are to a certain degree isolated, but the drama is the meeting-place of art and life. It is the one art which is criticised as though it were reality. It is the great democratic art. I wanted to see if I could write a play which would satisfy not merely artists but the people."

THE PEOPLE MUST BE CRITICS.

Here the poet paused to light another cigarette. After a few pensive whiffs he went on:

"And the people are the sternest and most just of dramatic critics. A man's play is judged regardless of his reputation in other branches of art. So far as my own work is concerned, I am sure that its politics will not prejudice it in the eyes of Americans."

"Are you satisfied with the cast of 'Vera'?" asked the reporter.

"Perfectly. All the artists are Americans, and, although I have not seen them rehearse, I am much pleased with them. We shall have a rehearsal in the theatre on Monday. I designed the scenery and costumes myself. A crown used in one of the acts is a reproduction of the crown used at the recent coronation of Alexander III. I wish to have as much fact as will convey the impression of reality, and as much beauty as the artist can create. The decorations of a stage should be not merely true, but beautiful. A scene is a work of art, not a piece of archæology. I have lectured so much in America upon the principles of art, that science of beauty which is æstheticism, that I feel anxious to show the flower that may grow from such a root. It is one thing to talk of the principles of art and quite another to create a piece of artistic work."

"Can you give me a sketch of the plot of 'Vera'?"

Mr. Wilde smiled as he said:

"No, I don't care to do that. The prevailing idea is a conflict between liberty and love."

"Which passion triumphs?"

"That's my fifth act," replied the æsthete, smiling again.

"Have you altered the play much since you wrote it?"

"Well, a good play is hardly ever finished, you know. It must be fitted to the stage. It is not enough to make music; one must make music that the instruments can play."

HE WILL NOT LECTURE.

"Shall you lecture while in this country?"

"I think not. My stay will be shortened, because I have so many engagements to lecture in England."

"Do you intend to publish any poems?"

"Possibly. The students of the Royal Academy invited me to lecture to them on painting a while ago, and I should like very much to publish that lecture in America."

"You feel at home in New York, do you not?"

"Oh, yes; New York is very cosmopolitan."

"Do you consider æstheticism a success?"

"Altogether. It has changed the whole plan of domestic decoration, and if we hear less of it now than formerly, it is because its position is assured. By bringing the delights of art into the household we have elevated the artisan into the artist."

"To return to your play; is 'Vera' your first prose drama?"

"It is."

When the reporter hinted that American patriotism had been grievously wounded by Mr. Wilde's criticism upon Niagara, the poet laughed and said modestly:

"Niagara will survive any criticisms of mine. I must say this, however, that it is the first great disappointment in the married life of many Americans who spend their honeymoon there."

In the basement of Clarendon Hall, in Thirteenth street, "Vera" was rehearsed yesterday. Some of the scenery designed by Mr. Wilde is made of papier-maché instead of canvas. From a distance it presents the appearance of metal-work. The costumes which Miss Prescott is to wear as Vera are on exhibition in a shop-window on Broadway, together with the glittering fac-simile of the Russian crown.

[SPECIAL TO THE WORLD.]

LONG BRANCH, August 11.—Oscar Wilde, Sir John Broderick, M. P., Lady Hilda Broderick and Sir Saville-Brinton Crostely have engaged rooms at the West End.

"BUCHU-PAIBA." Quick, complete cure, all annoying Kidney and Urinary Diseases. $1. "z"

Warning!

How many people ruin their stomachs by swallowing cold drinks on a hot summer day, when they could avoid all danger by adding 10 drops of ANGOSTURA BITTERS, besides imparting a delicious flavor to their summer beverages.—[Adv.

RED PUNCH is sold by representative Grocers, Druggists and Wine Merchants all over the United States. Ready on opening; reliable in quality always.—[Adv.

Lundborg's Perfumes,
EDENIA, AND MARECHAL NIEL ROSE.—[Adv.

EARL & WILSON'S (E. & W.) brand of men's Linen Collars and Cuffs "are the best." For sale everywhere.—[Adv.

Died.

CLARKE.—At St. Paul, Minn., August 10, Thomas Bidell Clarke, of this city, only son of Thomas Allen Clarke, lately of New Orleans.
Interment at Utica.

CRANE.—At Brooklyn, August 11, 1883, William M. Crane, in the 78th year of his age.
Notice of funeral hereafter.

WOODLAWN CEMETERY.
Woodlawn station (24th Ward), Harlem Railroad.
Office, No. 20 East 23d st.

BUSINESS NOTICES.

A NEW BOARDING-SCHOOL
for Boys under sixteen years of age,
WESTCHESTER INSTITUTE,
Westchester County, N. Y.,
Conducted by the Brothers of the
CHRISTIAN SCHOOLS.
For particulars apply to Rev. Bro. JUSTIN, at the Institute; to Manhattan College, or at any of the houses of the Brothers.

LOVERING'S NEW YORK BOOK EXCHANGE—Cheapest bookstore in the world; 100,000 volumes of summer reading and endless varieties of other choice books almost given away. Best prices paid for old and new books. 121 Broadway, near 11th st.

HENRY A. DANIELS, M. D., 144 Lexington ave., near 29th st. Hours 8 to 1; 5 to 7. Diseases of the nervous system, Genito-Urinary organs, Impotence and Sterility.

THE ASTOR LIBRARY WILL BE CLOSED from August 13 to September 15. It will be reopened on MONDAY, September 17.

RUPTURE RADICALLY CURED by DR. MARSH'S treatment. Thousands have been cured and relieved; 20 years' practical experience. Only office, 2 Vesey st.

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